

THE ANACONDA STANDARD

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THE STANDARD

It is the only daily newspaper with telegraph dispatches in Deer Lodge county. It prints more telegraphic news than any other newspaper in Montana.

Correspondence and business letters should be addressed to

THE STANDARD.

Corner of Main and Third streets, Anaconda, Montana.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1892.

BLAINE HAS SPOKEN.

In a way of his own Mr. Blaine has finally declared his intentions. "I am not," he says, "a candidate for the presidency and my name will not go before the republican national convention for nomination." It will be observed that Mr. Blaine knows the value of words and uses them with skill. His declaration to be a candidate is, to say the least, by no means so strong and unequivocal as he could have made it. He simply says he is not seeking the nomination, and the STANDARD believes he is perfectly sincere in saying it. He does not have to seek the nomination. He can have it without the asking. Not only that, but, as in 1888, it will require a big effort to keep the nomination from throwing itself at him voluntarily. When Mr. Blaine says that his name will not go before the convention, he makes a prophecy of a future event over which he has no control. What he means is that his name will not be presented at his solicitation.

Mr. Blaine has said nothing that will prevent him from accepting the nomination with entire propriety and good grace should it be tendered to him with practical unanimity and rousing enthusiasm. We do not believe that Mr. Blaine would take the nomination under any other conditions. We do not know for a certainty that he would take it should those conditions prevail; but we think he would. We have little doubt of it. Judging from the tenor of his letter to Mr. Clarkson, and taking into account the situation in all its bearings, the conclusion forces itself that Mr. Blaine is not averse to becoming president of the United States, and moreover is not averse to making the attempt to become president of the United States provided he can see his way tolerably clear to the accomplishment of that end. The language of his present letter is couched in terms much less positive, much less plain, blunt and decisive than those he employed to signify that he would not be a candidate in 1888, when his health was more precarious than it is now, and when the faction in the republican party hostile to him was more powerful, active and unrelenting than it is now. There is a deal of difference between "I am not a candidate for the presidency" and "I will not be a candidate for the presidency."

There is no reason to doubt Blaine's honesty in the shape he has expressed himself, but those who read between the lines can hardly escape the opinion that the accomplished secretary of state is, passively at least, playing for a combination of circumstances that shall compel him to be chosen leader of the republican army in the approaching campaign. He wants the masses to rise up and cry for him. At all events his letter to General Clarkson will not be accepted by his friends as final and decisive. It will not be considered by its writer's admirers as an obstacle to the progress of the Blaine boom; rather will it be used in a way to impart to said boom greater force and vitality.

Blaine is sharp, but the American public is sharp too. Blaine may think he is moving in a mysterious way his wondrous to perform, but the people will catch right onto his every action. They will read this letter over in the same spirit of carefulness and shrewdness in which it was written, and they will not be deceived as to what it means and what it doesn't mean. They will not be so dull of eyesight as to fail to perceive the handy and serviceable string attached to the crafty little ultimatum.

IN THE COEUR D'ALENES.

The Coeur d'Alene newspapers of recent issue confirm what the STANDARD said some weeks ago concerning the shut down of the large mines in that region. They say that railroad rates had less to do with the suspension than the labor question. Early last fall, it is said, an agreement was made between the principal mine owners of the Coeur d'Alenes to close the big mines on the first of the year. Unfortunately many of them kept their agreement. The public was told that the mines were closed because the railroads refused reasonable rates on ore shipments. Nothing was said about wages or labor troubles until this newspaper published facts tending to show that the shut-down was the result of a resolution to break the power of the labor unions in that district.

Now comes the superintendent of the largest producing mine in the Coeur d'Alenes, Mr. Clement, who says that "the Sullivan and Bunker Hill can not afford to operate their mines with wages so high and silver so low as at present."

That is the key to the situation. The working men want \$3.50 per day for underground work and the Coeur d'Alene miners union will not permit the miners to work for less. The shut-down came in an effort to force the

miners into submission; it is a pretty harsh way of seeking the solution of the difficulty. It is not improbable that some of the demands of the Coeur d'Alene miners union have been unreasonable and unjust; judicious methods have not been uniformly pursued by the labor leaders in their disputes with the mine owners. And yet over this way the sentiment prevails that \$3.50 per day is not exorbitant pay for an underground miner. Silver is indeed distressingly low; it is possible that the great mines of that region cannot afford to run under prevailing conditions. The men at the head of the great properties are the ones to decide such a point.

In September, 1890, these mines were all running, paying the full rate of wages and the general community wore an air of prosperity. Several of the big mine bosses just at that time suddenly turned their political coats. They had been democrats, but they now took the platform for the republicans. They did so, they said, because if in the pending election the democrats triumphed that party's policy would shut every mine in the Coeur d'Alenes. They said they were democrats in principle, but they wouldn't vote any longer for a party whose policy was to lower the miner's wages, lessen the price of silver and lead and shut the mines. The miners foolishly gave heed to this talk; they were induced to believe that to vote for the democrats would throw them out of a job; they swallowed their principles and voted as their bosses wished. The bosses are rewarding the allegiance of these men now; silver has dropped to 90 cents; lead, that the Coeur d'Alene miners were so much interested in, has tumbled from \$5.30 to \$4.20; and the mines are closed because the wages are too high! These are the cold, bald facts; doubtless the miners and business men of the Coeur d'Alenes will have the whole situation pretty well thought over before the time of election comes again.

THE INDIANS AGAIN.

Eastern newspapers that possess very little practical knowledge of the subject are discussing the Indian problem again with the old time vigor. The Detroit Tribune warns the government that the system of Indian reservations now in vogue is the only safe means of keeping the red men from the war path. In the past the STANDARD has taken the ground that the Indian question cannot be peacefully and properly settled so long as the government maintains the reservation system and encourages the Indians to continue their tribal relations. Not a few of the Indian wars of the past are attributable directly to the pernicious influences of the agencies, where corruption and dishonesty were the ruling powers. The money voted by congress for the reservation Indians too often was squandered by the political hacks into whose hands it was entrusted for distribution.

This question has been pretty well threshed out; it is noticeable that few Western newspapers are found favoring the maintenance of the reservations. It is true that the United States has not in all instances acted with justice and probity towards its Indian wards; promises solemnly made have been lightly broken; lands sacredly set apart under the seal of this government for the exclusive purposes of the Indians have been invaded and possession taken of them without just compensation being given in return.

But all these disagreeable facts do not disprove the contention that the allotment of lands in severalty and the breaking up of the tribal relations of the Indians is the only humane and judicious way in which the government can reach a solution of the problem. So long as the Indian denies allegiance to the government of the United States, and recognizes no authority but that of his chiefs, so long will there be bloody Indian wars and massacres.

The report of Assistant Adjutant General Schwan, who has been making a tour of the military posts in the West where the experiment of Indian soldiers on duty is being tried, is to the effect that there is much less intoxication and disorderly conduct among the redskins than among the whites, from which it is argued that the Indian is already the equal of his white brother, if not the better soldier of the two. The report probably doesn't state the case in its entirety. Greater pains are taken to keep the Indians out of fire-water and fire-water out of the Indians. It is more difficult for them to get the raw material used in the manufacture of jags, and they are punished more severely when they do get it in hilarious quantities. Still the report is encouraging.

The anti-lottery people of Louisiana are right in their determination to fight the lottery evil to a finish regardless of the enemy's reported capitulation. It would be a serious blunder to accept any such truce. The lottery has been wounded by the decision of the United States supreme court, but it is not killed, although for ulterior purposes it is trying to make people believe so. A concern that draws \$500,000 per month out of the one city of Boston does not give up so easily.

The Pittsburgh Post appeals from the verdict against it in the Quay libel suit, alleging that under the new jury law of 1885 twenty jurors instead of twelve should have been admitted to the jury box before the defendants were required to exercise their challenges, and that the refusal of the court to direct the drawing of twenty jurors was an error. The defendant alleges, therefore, that they were not convicted by

the due process of law, and that the refusal of the court to have a jury so drawn was in violation of the fourteenth amendment to the constitution of the United States, which provides that a state shall neither make nor enforce any law to deprive a citizen of his life, liberty or property without due process of law. It is further alleged that the standing aside of jurors by the prosecuting attorney upon the mere suggestion of the private counsel of Senator Quay deprived the defendants of that fair and impartial trial by jury guaranteed by the constitution. The case will attract much interest when it is argued before a higher court.

SOFT PEARLY LIGHT.

Why It Will Pay You to Watch the Heavens After Twilight.

Those who carefully observe the western sky after twilight during this month will see a soft, nebulous column of pearly light of a conical or lenticular form, extending upward from the western horizon to a point in the heavens not far from the Pleiades. This delicate and shadowy phenomenon is the zodiacal light. It is seen to the best advantage in February, March and April. The same phenomenon is also visible in the eastern horizon before sunrise in September. It is difficult to determine its limits. The breadth of the base varies between 8 degrees and 30 degrees. The apex of the cone attains a distance from the sun varying from 50 degrees to 70 degrees, and sometimes more, and the edges are ill defined. The light in northern latitudes is generally, though not always, inferior to the Milky Way, but it is seen to greater advantage in the tropics. Humboldt records it as almost constantly visible in these regions, and luminous enough to cause a sensible glow on the opposite part of the heavens. In a clear atmosphere it has been traced all the way across the heavens, from east to west, forming a complete ring. The zodiacal light is probably due to a lens-shaped appendage surrounding the sun and extending a little beyond the earth's orbit. Its cause is not certainly known, but the theory generally accepted at present attributes it to sunlight reflected from an immense cloud of meteorites filling up the space between the earth and the sun. The phenomenon is of exquisite delicacy and beauty, and observers who can get away from the electric light, gas and smoke of the city may hope, in a purer atmosphere, to behold in perfection this mysterious appendage of the sun.

Water Coming into Favor Again.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

The tendency to use water power as an agent in the generation of electricity is growing rapidly. An eastern concern is about to invest half a million in the construction of a great electric power dam and works. There was a period when the water power of the United States cut a big figure industrially, but its importance of late years has been greatly dwarfed by the steam engine. Perhaps the utilization of water power for the purpose of generating electricity will restore it to its old time prestige, and once again our school books may teach, as they did fifty or sixty years ago, that the United States enjoys superior advantages as a manufacturing country owing to the abundance of water courses, which may be made to do the work of man.

Applauding Heroism.

From the New York Tribune.

It required courage of no ordinary kind to induce a man to leap into the icy waters of the East river on such a day as yesterday in order to save the life of a fellow creature. That was what John Carlin, the cook of the steamboat Municipal, did without a moment's thought for himself when he saw a woman on the point of drowning. He made a gallant effort to save her; and though he failed, the same credit is due him as if he had succeeded. It was an act of genuine heroism, such as is all too rare in these prosaic times. We take off our hat to John Carlin, cook of the steamboat Municipal.

Drew First Blood.

From the New York World.

The disputed question of the ability of woman to solve difficult problems of life and conduct is partly cleared up by the case of Mrs. Murphy of Omaha, who, finding a burglar in her room, promptly put two bullets into him. A testimonial of some kind in recognition of her public service would be not improper. But Mrs. Murphy is probably satisfied with the consciousness that she did not lose her valuables, and that she is not likely to be troubled by burglars in the future.

THE PITH OF POLITICS.

Beiva Lockwood says she stands on the same platform with Blaine. Mr. Blaine should offer the lady a chair. *Montana Tribune, rep.*

If the republican juries of Pennsylvania elected presidents, Mr. Quay would be the successor of Mr. Harrison. *Memphis Appeal-Advertiser, dem.*

The democratic congress must remember one thing, that the country is looking to it for a vigorous tariff tax reduction policy. No dilly dallying will do. *Chicago Tribune, dem.*

Brooklyn and New York might join their fortunes together, but the good people of Long Island City do not wish to be swallowed by the Tammany tiger. *Toledo Blade, rep.*

Vice President Morton, it is said, has seen the handwriting on the wall, and is now understood to be willing that the empty honor of the republican nomination this year should fall on other shoulders. *Manchester Union, dem.*

Every event is searched for its political significance, and the report that Whitelaw Reid is to assume active control of the Tribune again is cited to indicate that the Blaine boom is now to be diligently cultivated. *Edinburgh Gazette, dem.*

Boss Platt's management of the republican campaign reduced the republican vote in New York by thousands, and the dominance of Boss Quay in Pennsylvania put a democratic governor over that republican state. Unless there is more toleration of bossism and machine rule among democratic than republican voters the continued efforts of Hill will have a similar effect on his own party. *Providence Journal, ind.*

It would not be bad politics for the Harrison standpoint to elevate Judge Gresham to the supreme bench, to keep warm the spot thereon lately covered by Justice Bradley. Mr. Harrison does not love Gresham. It is true, but the latter can trouble the former's second term aspirations a good deal. Gresham would just as soon be president of the United States as not, but a position on the supreme bench might divert his ambition. *St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

It was a shabby trick for that congressman to ask the director of the mint, who had been discussing the desirability of a "favorable balance of trade," how it happened that after 1888, "when the United States had one of the largest trade balances, we had to cushion the beams of our cars to carry tramps on?" To knock out a small and delicate trade with a ponderous and irrefutable fact like that is worse than fighting chili. *Chicago Herald, dem.*

WILL COME IN TIME.

Several Wrongs to be Righted Before People Will be Satisfied.

From the Albany Argus.

The attempt of the republicans of Nebraska to steal the governorship of that state has been thwarted by the supreme court of the United States and as soon as James E. Boyd, democrat, can take the oath of office Nebraska will have again a lawful government, representing the wishes of its electors, expressed at the polls. The claim that Boyd was not a citizen of the United States never rested on a scintilla of evidence that any but a partisan court would listen to; but it sufficed for the supreme court of Nebraska. One republican fraud on the ballot has thus been undone; but Bulkeley still remains governor of Connecticut; Chandler still occupies a stolen seat in the United States senate from New Hampshire, and Sanders and Power still hold stolen seats from Montana. When these wrongs are righted, when Frank Hiseock makes his last bow in the United States senate, and when Messrs. Hawley and Platt, representatives of the minority in Connecticut, retire from the senate, the American people will be no longer confronted with these parodies on their institutions, and justice will have been done. All of these things will come to time.

PROMINENT OR PECULIAR.

Mark Twain has been confined to his bed for a week. He has been suffering with a bad cold but is now recovering. Bostonians declare that nature gave Phillips Brooks "a weak mouth," which by a constant "uplifting of the spirit" he has ennobled.

Bourke Cochran's house in Washington, the old residence of ex-Secretary Robeson, is believed by the superstitious to be "cursed."

Mrs. Robert Garrett gave a reception in Baltimore Wednesday evening, at which free birds were seen flitting about among the palms and other plants used in decoration.

William Lloyd Garrison told the Massachusetts Women's Suffrage association a few days ago that he hoped that his children might live to see a woman president of Harvard college.

Henry T. Oxnard, who has been elected president of the association of American beet sugar producers, is a diminutive specimen of manhood, but he makes up for his lack of size in energy and pluck.

Miss Phoebe Cousins of St. Louis, who was partially disabled by an accident some months ago, still uses a crutch, but she is assured by her physician that she will in time fully recover her power of locomotion.

Hitting the Nail on the Head.

From the Chicago Times.

The far West will furnish the golden nail with which to complete the woman's building, and Mrs. Potter Palmer has agreed to let the women of Nebraska furnish the hammer. But she yields nothing of her heroic purpose to supply herself the finger-nail to be sacrificed.

FOR BLUE MONDAY.

"How did you amuse yourself while you had the whooping cough?" asked Uncle Jack.

"We played Indian," answered Bobby.

"And we could give splendid war-whoops," said Harper's Young People.

A woman most surely wrote "Beautiful Snow," for a man, it is very clear.

Would have told a different tale of woe of a snowball behind the ear.

—New York Herald.

Dudley (reaching for a toothpick)—I am afraid that that mallard duck is going to disagree with me.

Pundit—I hope it will prove to be only a malade imaginaire. *Chicago Tribune.*

The Rector's Wife—And how have you managed to get along this winter, Mrs. Murphy?

Mrs. Murphy—Sure, ma'am, wid the help o' God and a few servant girls I've pulled through. *Punch.*

The poet wrote in lofty strain
Of earth's ignoble strife—
How men in seeking sordid gain
Forsook the higher life.

But he, since none would buy his verse,
Lived on but wild and hope,
Until at last he filled his purse
With rhyming "ais" for soap.

—Chicago Times.

Dashaway—There's one thing about it, I'll never marry a girl who doesn't dress well.

Cleverton—But suppose you can't afford to keep it up, what then?

Dashaway—She won't be so poor as all that. *Chicago Review.*

Hosslecks—You can't understand these technical terms they use on the board of trade? They're easy enough. I picked them up all right enough the very first day I went out to change.

Threemorton—Of course. It was easy enough for you. But recollect I'm not a poker player. *Chicago Tribune.*

Pray tell me, sages, if you can,
How it should come to pass
That the small boy's sum to miss the man
And hit the pane of glass.

—Judge.

Seeker—So your friend Dumbleton has written a novel, eh?

Sage-man—He has, for a fact.

Seeker—What is his plot?

Sage-man—His plot seems to have been to inveigle the public into buying a book that isn't worth reading. *Boston Courier.*

GANDERFEATHER'S GIFT.

I was just a little thing
When a fairy came and kissed me;
Floating in upon the light
Of a haunted summer night,
And the fairies came to sing
Pretty slumber songs and bring
Certain buds that else had missed me.
From a dream I turned to see
What those strangers brought for me
When that fairy up and kissed me.
Here, upon this cheek, he kissed me.

Summer was there, but she
Did not like me altogether;
Bright and blithe and Turquoise,
Pierrefleur and Honeylove,
Thistleblow and Amberglow
On that gleaming, ghostly sea
Floated from the misty heather.
And around my trundle bed
Frisks and looked and whispering said,
Someday like and altogether,
"You shall kiss him, Ganderfeather."

Ganderfeather kissed me then,
Ganderfeather, quaint and merry;
No attenuated spirit was he,
But as buxom as could be;
Kissed me twice and once again,
And the others shouted when
On my cheek up rose a berry
Something like a mole, mayhap,
But the kiss mark of that chap.
Ganderfeather, passing merry,
Humorous but kindly, very.

I was just a tiny thing
When the praiseworthy Ganderfeather
Brought this curious gift to me
Of the kiss mark of a "favorable balance of trade";
Yet with honest pride I sang,
That same gift he chose to bring
Out of yonder haunted heather,
Out of yonder misty heather,
Constant friends this mole and I,
Who have been so long together!
Thank you, true Ganderfeather,
Eugene Field, in the Chicago News.



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